

COMPOSITION BOOK

MY TRUTH : BOOK THREE
- A Heartland Diary -
October/November
2009

College Rule
100 Sheets • 200 pages
9¼ x 7½ in/24.7 x 19.0 cm

TOP FLIGHT

A Heartful Diary -
October/November
2009

TOP FLIGHT

[illegible]

Contents

1.	EMBRACING ANXIETY	1
2.	THE H MINISTRY	12
3.	GLANDULAR SECRETIONS	56
4.	RESTING IN WEARINESS	89
5.	THE OPPONENT OF ALL	132
6.	EMBRACING LAZINESS	138
7.	CREATING OF THE	158
8.	STONING VOICES	180

MY TRUTH

(Mein Wahrheit)

Book THREE

October / November 2009

EMBRACING ANXIETY

There are no experts in being you. No one can train you or guide you in being yourself. You just have to be authentic.

Stripped of common sense, the world-of-experience becomes enchanting and we need not transcend the disturbances (anxiety), but embrace the anxiety as our reality rather than seek to escape it.

"Knowledge, when it gets to the root of our troubles, has in itself a marvellous healing power as it were. As soon as you touch the quirk of the trouble, as soon as you, diving down and down, get at what really ails you, the pain disappears as though by a miracle."

16 October 2009 Friday

I may be forced by circumstances to participate less at isis.phpbb3.nl/w.com (Heretics in Chains) as a situation has developed that restrains my movement. I am being pressured by acquaintances to allow a television and DVD player into my domicile - and to serve as a flop house for a street soldier. Even as I write this introduction to volume 3 of My Truth, "Fat Dog" snores away loudly all night, the snoring testing my Hentrich nerves... I am surprisingly calm.

[Everything that happens to me is grist to my literary mill. Much of my life consists of literary investigations. Whereas Cognitive Science as well as phenomenology are extremely cerebral disciplines, I want to venture into truths that the heart can feel - and yet, what we call "the heart" is not the actual organ which pumps blood through our animal body, but part of our brain organ. How are our emotions connected to "consciousness"?]

The notes I wrote while living in my mother's basement in the autumn of 2007, I wholly hidden from the "Marc Hampton Apartments" fiasco (Matarban) show me that so much of our daily reality is influenced by our environment. Hell is other people, no?

[We experience a perpetual worrying about what is going to happen next, and this worry is the principal, if not the sole cause of our torment. So, let us not try to escape our anxiety, but to embrace it, expose it, and illuminate it by focusing in on it.]

Consciousness is this ACT OF ATTENTION. When we sit down to write, this effort sets vibrating something in our brain to attract ideas; well, I suddenly we feel JOY.]

What Schopenhauer calls *qualitates occultae*, the original forces (gravity, electricity), lie outside the province of reason, outside the chain of causes, and philosophically it is known as immediate objectivity of the will, and this is the "in-itself" of the whole of nature. In physics, it is seen as an original force, i.e., a *qualitas occulta*.

Intellect and matter are correlatives. They are one and the same thing — not opposites.

Dualism is built into the nature of knowing. It seems impossible to remove the knower from the knowing and the known.

In "I THINK, THEREFORE, I AM," the one who says "I am" is not the one that thinks.

Consciousness is. Consciousness perceives.

The world, as representation, is the objective world, is the phenomenal world of lived experience.

This is a very complicated physiological occurrence in an animal's brain, whose result is the consciousness of a picture or image at that very spot.

[Schopenhauer says of Spinoza: "His contempt for animals, who, as mere things for our use are, declared by him to be without rights, is thoroughly Jewish, and, is at the same time, absurd and abominable."]

In moments such as this, when I am going through my notebooks, taking notes from my notes, it becomes all too clear to me that my existence is more joyful when I do not WANT (for beer, for tobacco, for stimulants). While I surprise myself with my capacity for "literary investigations" even while in a situation that might otherwise agitate me, whenever I am forced to socialize, and then find myself in solitude, I treasure my privacy. This is because of my rich inner life. Happiness is free. There is not much VALUE in the things that money can buy.

21

[There is an intrinsic connection between the void and infinity. The void is the point of being of infinity. Zero and infinity are equal and opposite.

The void is reduced to the nonrepresentation of the proletariat, thus, unrepresentability is reduced to a modality of nonrepresentation; the separate count of parts is reduced to the nonuniversality of bourgeois interests, to the presentative split between normality and singularity.

Politics can be defined as any assault against the State. The State is precisely non-political.]

(BADIOU)

The Humming

Coming down off the mountain called Mount Si at North Bend
Crawling out of the cold river to begin The End
Somewhere I made my way to Downtown Seattle

And among the downtrodden homeless I joined the battle
Against the cold heartless system enforced by police
As long as we have to pay for food and shelter,

There can never be peace
How free do you really feel after you've signed that lease?
Some people would rather live

under a bridge in a tent
Than hand over their government relief check
Just to pay the damn rent

When I asked where I could rest my head and eat for free
I was directed to Shoreline and a camp called
Tent City Three

Then I discovered that there were undercovers FBI
Living among the homeless drifters

I saw through the lie
There was nowhere to sing, to speak, to hide
~~Nowhere to speak~~

Nowhere to even try to get a little high
I heard our Brother Africa

in drunkenness got and cry
And the Native Chiefstick
his spirit took me high up into the sky

after we moved the camp to Seattle near Broadway
I set out on my own to find a better way of
Much in need of a brighter day
And landed in Village Ghetto Land
on the edge of Federal Way
But here there's nowhere to smooch or drum
Hell, I'm barely even free to fuck or hum
so tired of people born on third base
Acting like they hit a goddam home run.

450 → Apartment management said the Native had to go
And so we parted ways
After recording Native Rock songs toe to toe
We were drunken, rebel rockers

with the deepest soul
Now he's gone back to Montana
But still I roll
all alone I flow through the danger zone
Daydreaming of secret places
Back I'm in Freehold where I plan
to roam, camp, and smoke a bone.

There's no way in Hell
I'm gonna be transformed into a drone
I don't fall in love or no telephone
My body may be puny
But my mind is full grown
My ~~wits~~ wits offend without even trying
That's why it's best for me to be alone

Is it creepy the lengths vampires will go to suck the blood from my neck? Now - as for Nat & Wawura & Whyjob, they don't make any attempt to contribute to the website. Post or die !?!?

18 October 2009 Sunday

The telephone rang at 2:30AM, probably after reality began to sink in when they stopped selling alcohol. It was "the Big J Man" trying to chill at my "crib" in my cave, trying to invade my den. Fortunately, there is a gate J... I told him I don't have a key - well, the physical reality actually kept him out, and my heart was glad. The phone continued to wake me from slumber every hour or so until about 7AM when he called again, explaining that his "woman" and him were splitting up (read: she most likely kicked him out of her apartment), and he wanted me to "help him out".
~~##~~ I began to feel great ANXIETY, but I embraced it, imagining him devouring all my ground, beef, and all my eggs. I began cooking hash brown potatoes and drinking coffee. Then he called, asking me to come down and help him move some stuff from his apartment. I told him I was in the middle of cooking and that, besides, he can't move in with me.

He became infantile, acting all smooth suddenly,
"That's OK. I'll see you
on the 1st for the \$10 you owe me."
Little does he know he's going to
have to wait until at least the 3rd.

This ~~660~~ 660 pound creature has a very unpleasant,
jealous, malicious, and petty mind. The
way I slithered down the stairs, with
my vacuum cleaner held with my healing
arm and a cup of coffee in my right
hand, may have triggered hateful
resentment toward me.

I'm not trying to be liked. I couldn't
care less about my "status" in the
imaginary pecking order. I don't respect
such things.

Before I "showed my teeth" I had felt my
innermost presence reaching deep for
strength to endure, and I had
tremendous appreciation for the value
of solitude. How could I allow
my sanctuary, my animal den, my
domestic to be invaded and
hijacked by a 660 pound King-baby
and his psychologically tormented
side-kick?

I may have "prayed to Odin" to help
me find courage enough to become
stubborn in the defense of my new found Peace of
Mind.

And I was able to keep out this giant problem. What the hell would they do in my shoes? I have had too many experiences in my life that force me to highly value my solitude and privacy. Living involves wits and a kind of "mental Karate". Am I some kind of rebel monk, a scholar-warrior samurai?

24

MIA did a remake of Clash's STRAIGHT TO HELL called "Paper Planes". It felt good to be able to access the Internet, mainly Heretics in Chains. I added Wawura, (Nat), I and Whyjob to The Mephi. Silent Octavius sent in an article:

Town does not exist... which I was going through very slowly. Carmen looked so sexy today. That sounds horny to write that, doesn't it? I could say, rather, that I am beginning to have feelings for Carmen again. When I lie down for a nap, I am overcome with visions of her of me kissing her and embracing her intimately and warmly.

Earlier today I ~~was~~ met up with two brothers and one of the brother's mother. We drank some beer and ate hashbrowns, eggs, and pancakes. I danced with the woman and generally babbled. The one dude told me that I had come a long way quickly... I even sang a little.

15
This is why I plan on leaving him some of my diaries before I make my journey back east. Maybe before I go, I might before I leave Barkley Ridge Apartments, I might confess to C that I secretly love her, and yet, to tell a woman this is actually giving her an unnecessary burden. It is, I best I keep it to myself.

24

The Earth is the forgotten basis of all our awareness. Merleau-Ponty rejected Husserl's notion of a self-subsistent, disembodied, transcendental ego. He begins by identifying the subject — the EXPERIENCING SELF — with the bodily organism. Since the body itself is the very subject of awareness, all hope is demolished that philosophy might eventually provide a complete picture of reality.

Maurice Merleau-Ponty opens the possibility of a truly authentic phenomenology, a philosophy which would stare, not to explain the world as if from outside, but to give VOICE to the world from our EXPERIENCED SITUATION within it. Hierarchies are wrecked by any phenomenology that takes seriously our immediate sensory experience. Fantasy is the key to the soul.

24

2009.10.19

Our alphabetic literacy may have displaced older languages that we inherited from our animal ancestors.

The most sacred or wakan aspect of Wakan Tanka, the Great Mysterious, is, Taku Škan Škan, the Enveloping Sky - known to shamans as Škan. (in English, the Great Spirit).

For the Navajo - particularly in its capacity to provide awareness, thought, and speech - has properties that European, alphabetic civilization has traditionally ascribed to an interior, individual human "mind" or "psyche".

24

Upon finishing Leo Tolstoy's The Death of Ivan Ilych, I think I had my fill of fiction for the time being. I mean, I don't want to look for another "story" to read.

I want to go through my notebooks from 2007 up until I left New Jersey January 2009. But I also want to start investigating the books I brought with me (besides Schopenhauer, Cioran, and Nietzsche), namely Chomsky's The Engine of Reason, the Seat of the Soul as well as The Essential Husserl, in that order. If possible I will refrain from taking more books from the library; but I may read MY own books at the library - so as to have sanctuary from GAMES PEOPLE PLAY.

2H 2009.10.24

49

From H-105 p 63 : "I've always wanted to see things as they really are. There is something very revolutionary in what the phenomenologists were doing. Phenomenology can help one become "as a child," to become interested and curious, to establish a more primitive contact with reality."

I feel Abraxas brewing in this brain... I may be in the place where SPIRITS get eaten, but I have protected my spirit tonight. Maybe my privacy I will be respected. The brain witnesses how great its joy is when able to enjoy its higher faculties in peace.

There are those who, like FB, can be so insecure about their own intellectual capacity, that they will fear and hate the one who does possess a powerful intellect.

The "Dream Catcher" on the wall is not really a dream catcher, but something else.

It "protects" my domicile from those who would harm me or "eat my spirit".

Perhaps it is working its magic right now... in mysterious ways.

[Note: H-105 p 83. Merleau-Ponty said that "the soul is immediately linked to the brain and to it alone."]

25 October 2009 Sunday

[The existence of the cognitive unconscious has important implications for the practice of philosophy. It means that we can have no direct conscious awareness of most of what goes on in our minds. The idea that pure philosophical reflection can plumb the depths of human understanding is an illusion. Traditional methods of philosophic analysis alone, even phenomenological introspection, cannot come close to allowing us to know our own minds.

What are the facts of consciousness?
Is the practice of thinking itself reality making itself evident to consciousness?
And yet, ~~if~~ when we think of the self, the subject, ~~what~~ don't we mean consciousness itself?

We apprehend the reality of the world directly - both the world without which we experience as desire and mood, as well as the world presented to us through conscious thought.

The best method for investigating thought is reflecting directly upon my own thought. I reflect upon my very own glandular secretions (my brain waves).

[For thought to know itself, it must reflect radically upon itself. Does our culture value philosophy? The accumulated labors of industrial and standing armies will not solve the problems we are concerned with here.

If, as we have professed, we are truly living in a spiritual wasteland, that is all the more reason for us to renew our interest in the real situation.]

eff

I really had to rush to type this up down at the office. My patience is wearing thin for idiotic keeps with their interest in their damn (high school mentality) sports and prisms; and I am picking up rivers and shooting back growls and prisms. My mind is strong. Like "Carrie" I will face down the petty mob. Such paradox if I witness.

Just life in modern Africa where Christian ministers compete for money by performing exorcisms on those accused of being "witches," here in North America, the zombification of the masses is widespread. I was rejected by the townspeople of Monmouth County, New Jersey. Why would I not be rejected out there? My writing preserves my sense of integrity for this is who I am and my truth shines through.

Schopenhauer said, "The world is my representation."
I say, The brain imagines the world.
There are alternate universes in my head.
Is it not clear that my website is such an
alternate universe?

I am never alone. I have a thousand
voices in my head. When I was 16 I thought my
calling was to be a monk, a scholar warrior.
Now I understand that I have become what
I had envisioned, but just in a way that is not
at first apparent. Zen is the actualization
of our true nature. Zen monks spend many
hours walking the streets begging for food and
other necessities, to learn humility and gratitude.
This is mobile zazen.

- sit in full or half lotus
- rest right hand in lap, palm upward
- place left hand, palm upward, on top of the right palm
- lightly touch the tips of the thumbs to each other
so that a flattened circle is formed by the palms
and thumbs.

Note: The right side of the body is active.
The left side of the body is passive.
We suppress the active side by placing the left
hand and foot over the right members. After crossing
legs, bend forward so as to thrust the buttocks
out, then slowly bring the trunk to an erect
posture.

Now, concentrate the mind, count breaths,
"one" on the inhale, "two" on the exhale, up to ten,
back to one. Or, just count on exhale.
Breathe through the nose.

Yasutani-roshi: "There comes a point in your sitting
when insights about yourself will flash into your mind.
For example, relationships that previously
were incomprehensible, will suddenly be clarified
and difficult personal problems abruptly solved.
If you don't jot things down of that you
want to remember, this could bother you
and so interfere with your concentration.

For this reason, when you are sitting by
yourself you may want to keep a pen and
notebook next to you."

24
[Husserl discovered his being, his True Self, as
the transcendental ego I — a disembodied,
self-subsistent psychic entity. Merleau-Ponty
rejects this. Merleau-Ponty begins by
identifying the "subject" I —
the I experiencing "self" — with
the BODILY ORGANISM. It is a radical
move. We are accustomed, from Socrates/
Plato to Freud/Jung, to consider
our innermost I essence — the soul,
the psyche — as something incorporeal.]

We are our body. Perceiving as we do with our body, the body is a natural self, and the subject of perception. To philosophize is to learn how to die. In doubtful moments, the depressed person is a philosopher. We owe to philosophers some of the most disturbing pages on the meaning or lack of meaning of Being.

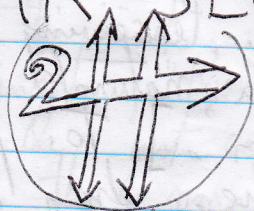
Melancholy is the forerunner of Heidegger's anguish as the stirring of thought. This anguish is an indication of our affinity with nature. Hesse noted in Roman that ~~animals~~ animals and trees are in a "natural" sadness all the time. In Levin's This Perfect Day, sadness was criminalized. In Brave New World, the Savage wanted the "right to be unhappy".

The death drive is an intrapsychic manifestation of a phylogenetic inheritance going back to inorganic matter.

The literary madman is most often a disguised philosopher. In literature, the role of madness is philosophical.

"I can only philosophize in terror of going mad. Imagination - that resident lunatic - momentarily evicts reason... and impels me toward impossible theories and unwritable books!" (Nerval)

GLANDULAR SECRETIONS



26 October 2009 Monday

The brain is refreshed and my enthusiasm renewed. Spinach, eggs, garlic, onions ... I have ideas about how I will avoid F & co. this 3rd of November, get some basics at Safeway, then venture to Milton for tobacco.

It is crucial for me to save some money for bus fare to & from 1200 S 336th Street food bank to get some of this community service work done. Maybe because "Thanksgiving" is coming up, they will need and I appreciate my service.

Like good ole Ignatius Reilly in the fictitious A Confederacy of Dunces, this "working boy" Mike Hentrich is one hell of a bruiser with a wiry body with chimpanzee-like strength.

24

Who is the audience of my verbalized glandular secretions? Every time I hear grown men get all worked up over some stupid baseball game or football game, I am reminded of the bar scene in Orwell's 1984. I become very angry.

There's nothing to be done about it. Many people, even though they have large brains, do not use those brains well. Do many people have their brains used on them?

Again I wonder if my nephew is worthy of receiving my diaries. Something in me wants to keep them safe, to preserve them, I and I am afraid that my nephew may lose them due to the instability of his own life. Will he read them? If so, will he read them once and then just abandon them?

H102 - H105 are packed with my research. Symbolically, I would be showing my nephew that I acknowledge him as the one member of the family able to understand my notes.

Moving on to H106, 240 pages written from 4 to 16 of November 2007, I can't ignore that I do have my own work. I know that four months is not a very long time, so I am very focussed on going through these diaries I brought with me. I will continue to take some notes as I go through them.

Is it more important to know how to live in the world than to get to the root of things? The real nature of the absurd is that it is an experience to be lived through, a point of departure, the equivalent of Husserl's phenomenological reductions. The absurd is a contradiction.

"The ^{very} moment the slave refuses to obey the humiliating orders of his master, he simultaneously rejects the condition of slavery." (Camus)
With rebellion, awareness is born!

My diaries are precious, but it is not in my power to demand my nephew or anyone else appreciate the contents. The rebel is preoccupied with evil and death. For "God" to be a man, he must despair. Gnosis tends to destroy the Judaic heritage in Christianity. As long as God was suffering (help us) in the form of a man, somehow this squelches rebellion against the creator of death and evil.

The phenomenologists take it to a whole different level. Merleau-Ponty says that his work, Phenomenology of Perception, attempts to define a method for getting closer to present and living reality.

What is "existentialism"?

It is a philosophy that emphasizes the uniqueness and isolation of the individual in a hostile or indifferent universe and regards existence as unexplainable.

2H

God is dead? Man is dead. We are apes.
Are we not apes?

2H

Why should I concern myself with what the masses are doing?
By now, I know I am not impressed or amused by professional sports or even "entertainment".

13
With rebellion, awareness is born. Metaphysical rebellion is the movement by which we protest against ~~the~~ our condition and the whole of creation.

I don't care about my appearance. Maybe the people understand that there is a rage building up inside of me, that I am sick of smirks, that I am becoming more and more irritable and angry.

I lost interest in computer programming and mathematics shortly after graduating from Rutgers. Where did my college education get me? It got me to almost hate computer programming. I want to experience how I really feel about all this! No more lies! I graduated in 2002.

Gothbusters.org ran from 2002 to 2007.

I went on welfare in 2003 and was on SSD/section 8 by 2005.

Joan Greyson said I've gone "down the tubes". Fuck that govt and everyone who is as mean-spirited, stupid, and hateful as her.

Why should I care about humanity at all when it consists of such hateful morons? I imagine I am a very hated person in Freehold. People can't stand me because I am a "bump" and also a "genius". They would rather see me as a drunk or drug addict. That's how small minded most are.

27 October 2009 Tuesday

65

I may change the description of the website, Heretics in Chains, this morning - I want to move more in the direction of Cicero.

We ~~are those who~~ have plunged all the way down to the bottom of our beings...

I changed it to what Jack Sparks says in the group therapy scene in the film, The Jacket:

"Be calm! Be calm! They order *you* to order *me* to be calm. How the fuck are we supposed to be calm? So, people, wake up! Orders come from the top only. Don't let them order you around, Heretics! Long live the organization for the Organized!"

24

Just because she has a car doesn't mean she'll get too far
I took a journey in my mind to another place and time
What'da I think I might find
In the dark recesses of my mind...?

24

In H-106 p 75 there is material for my rebellion against "patriarchal society". I will have to type fast.

Woman was dethroned through the advent of private property!
Also, in "using our brains better": OUR body is the instrument of our grasp on the world.

Tell Blaze, will
see if I can recruit...

[also, about our "animal needs" : link over to "primitive impulses".
Subhana Barzaghi : "The shadow comes back in the form
of erotic fantasies, attractions, romantic projections, that
haunt us until we understand that there is something very
deep there that needs our attention."]

Tell "Eater" not to give up on ~~that~~ those "needs".
When ~~he~~ the rebel monk IKKyu was 77 he pair-
bonded with Lady Shin. It was in Lady Shin that
IKKyu finally located his own missing female self.

2H

I want to clarify to the Heretics in Chains that when I don't
have cash, which is most of the time, and I am able to
go through my notebooks, research, and read for pleasure,
a great peace comes over me, sometimes leading
to sorrow - but somehow the sorrow seems preferable
to the "happiness of intoxication".

2H

I feel good about my plan to present my nephew with the series
of diaries containing my notes on phenomenology. As he ages,
maybe this will help salvage our bond. We can
be spiritual brothers even if we do not see each other
much ever again for the rest of our lives.

2H

For "using our brains better" → H-106 p.119

My body is relaxed from the nap, the hot bath, the "warming
the heart," and visiting the library. It is truly magical to have
escaped the mental prison of being manipulated by others.

The proof is in my peace of mind!

2H

From H-107, p 87: Those who live for philosophy are often the secret enemies of those who live by philosophy. The origin of philosophy is a wonder or astonishment about the world and our own existence. Philosophical astonishment is at bottom one that is dismayed and distressed. We behold the evil, wickedness, ignorance, and disharmony of the world. This is what qualifies and intensifies philosophical astonishment.

H-107 p 99
The investigator must turn his or her glance inwards. We carry the fundamental secrets within ourselves in the cognitive unconscious. The ancient teachings of our ancestors are accessible to us in the most immediate way. It is through introspection alone that one might find the key to the riddle of the world, and obtain a clue to the inner nature of all things.

(currently) It's kind of amazing that, while part of me is trying to go over Churchland's Engine of Reason and even Schopenhauer's World as Will & Representation - Vol 2, I am focused on going through a notebook from 2007 (H-107) where I was going through Engine of Reason for the first time, and I wonder, is (the work of) the cognitive unconscious?

Experience is intimately related to the mind's projections. Every sensory encounter and mental event becomes a reminder of the dream-like nature of experience. What Bön tradition teaches: Experience yourself as a dream figure, as a body that lacks solidity.

See all life as a dream. Emotional reactivity does not originate "out there" in objects. It arises, is experienced, and ceases in YOU. Feel the dream-like quality of your inner life. Memory is very similar to a dream. "Pray" for mind treasure. Prayer is a magical power that we forget to use. I do not pray to "Jesus" or Yahweh. I pray to the "Allah" 'Great Mysterious'.

2H

I may want to research Hannah Arendt's The Human Condition. She admired Albert Camus and saw him as one of the most intellectually honest of French intellectuals. In a famous footnote, Arendt derided Heidegger's attempts to be a serious intellectual and accused him of mistreating Husserl.

Emmanuel Levinas (1906-1995) was awarded his doctorate degree in 1929 for his thesis, "The Theory of Intuition in Husserl's Phenomenology".

He wrote, "There exists a weariness which is a weariness of everything and everyone, and above all a weariness of oneself. What wearies them is not a particular form of our life - our surroundings, because they are dull and ordinary, our circle of friends, because they are vulgar and cruel; but the weariness concerns existence itself."

24

[From H-107 p 151: The essence of ANIMISM is a radical rejection of Cartesian dualism (mind/body), the recognition that we are our bodies, and not an ephemeral spirit wrapped in an arbitrary fleshy shell - Animism is a simple belief in our own EXPERIENCE.

"Spirits" of an indigenous culture are primarily those modes of intelligence or awareness that do not possess human form.

The history of philosophy unfolds as a pursuit of a desire to overcome the sense of anguish, the final "helplessness" in relation to our lives.

Adorno abolishes any philosophical system.

Knowledge can be considered as a defense against the traumatic impact of the real.

The shaman is one who discovers his vocation upon being seized by powers beyond his comprehension. The shaman is one who stands out from his people - not in a position of institutional authority, but in a position of talented uniqueness.

29 October 2009 Thursday

In Fyodor Dostoevsky's The Idiot, Prince Myshkin is considered an "idiot" only because he does not hold grudges. Made ridiculous, insulted, jeered at,

even threatened with death by Rogozhin, "the prince" forgives. As if he had an inkling of the suffering that underlies aggressions, he ignores them, withdraws and even gives solace to those who have abused him.

2H

[What is scarcity economics? In scarcity economics, lack is produced. Lack - the sense of needing something one does not possess - is produced, created, & planned, in and through social production. The media creates this sense of lack. Lack is a product of the imagination created by the pauper brokers and their servile media whores.]

(R)

2H

The Bankster Gangsters of America
They stole the money and
Think it's hush
Their greydraft fees
Are fucking criminal
These Gangster Banksters of this ~~can~~ carnival

When they ask you
how you feel

Just lie, tell 'em
you're feeling great

You want to check my brain
Wonder why I'm so deranged
While all the players
Have been rearranged
It's still the same rigged game
We see that nothing's changed

Where does it lead?
Tell me, how does
it end?

Today They feed
the greed

But trouble's up
ahead around the bend

Now I walk alone

Don't try to make sense of it
Don't try to articulate
Take another hit and surrender to your fate

Course I lost ypt
another friend
repeat (R)

Even throughout "gorthusters" and "CROW" my nephew had been my brother. Philosophically, intellectually, & spiritually, we have shared our journey. I do not want to leave the west coast upset with him.

This is why I want to leave him a chunk of my "WRITINGS", as a symbolic act!

The weariness of everything and everyone, the weariness of myself, the weariness of existence has not left me. Getting out of New Jersey, away from Freehold, Matawan, Asbury Park has not lifted me out of the weariness - and it is true that returning to the east coast will not cure me of the weariness either.

Now I have fully experienced the truth that there is no geographical solution to the dilemma of existence. I think I am prepared to make a radical move in my stance, and I may articulate it on my website to see what other theoreticians of rebellion think.

I may propose that our weariness of existence goes beyond our displeasure with civilization, and that perhaps it is EXISTENCE itself that we are rebelling against, as in Metaphysical Rebellion - With Lucifer, we rebel against the Creation.

I want to reach a level of insight, that will be truly ground breaking — earth shattering. If I am able to fearlessly contemplate the dilemma of having been "thrown" into existence during an age where masses of human creatures are conditioned by mass hypnosis (television/media), then I AM THE ONE I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR.

My parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles, teachers, bosses, therapists, doctors, could not reach me because I question their authority. I trust that I am a serious thinker and that most human beings have not contemplated as deeply as I have, my nephew being an exception, which is why I have had such interest in him. After all, besides my mother, Joseph Michael Minichini has been closest to me. He tried to understand me. Now he is on his own path and I return upon myself.

I will ask the Heretics in Chains tomorrow if we are prepared to crank it up a notch as far as our rebellion goes. Are we not merely weary of our culture and our civilization, but weary of existence itself?

I want to promise myself that I will make it back to bond with my mother as well as my father and even my sister before considering putting an end to this. I feel I would prefer to die near where I grew up "back east."

[I will go over Cioran's chapter "Beyond the Novel" from
 the Temptation to Exist.
 "If the future of the novel is not close to your heart,
 it should please you to see a philosopher writing
 one." ~ Cioran]

What use is the comedy of our questions, our problems,
 our anxieties?

Is it that I want to give something back in
 return for what I have received?

What novels have had the most impact on
 my life, on my mind? IRA LEVIN's This
 Perfect Day ... Ken Kesey's One Flew Over the
 Cuckoo's Nest ... Robert Pirsig's Zen and the art of
 Motorcycle Maintenance ... Quinones The Story of B ...
 Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces ...
 Vonnegut's Hocus Pocus ... Vonnegut's Player Piano ...
 John Brunner's The Sheep Look Up ...
 Colin Wilson's The Mind Parasites ... Vonnegut's
Cat's Cradle ... Streiter's Nature's End ...

And yet I want to write a philosophical work.
 Pirsig's Zen and the art of Motorcycle Maintenance
 is philosophical.

It is quite possible that my animal creature self is
 perceived by the locals I put here in the Seattle
 area as (1) a pervert who wants to have sex with
 young Black women (2) a Devil worshipper who seeks to
 develop "magic powers" and insight into forbidden secret
 knowledge (the occult) (3) a schizophrenic]

[

Do I even care what the mass of phony, self-poaching sheep think? One of my main themes, should I write a novel or treatise, will be how I hate phonies and those who seek materialistic status symbols or arrogant youth who do not have insight into the temporary nature of their "good looks".

And yet, novels have not always been my chosen books. My favorite books are philosophy, such as the works of Schopenhauer, Cioran, Nietzsche, Camus, Husserl, Abram...

So... what to do? I write every day, but I am writing intimate details of my life. Such literature is not of our culture's "cup of tea".]

Tomorrow morning I will make trips to the grocery store, I drinking beer in between... the time I might be a little drunk by the time I make my TOBACCO RUN to Milton, (174, 500 Tacoma)... When I return... I have to resist being lured into any traps by any of those I who have forgotten me as a sucker. Forget literature and the novel; I am exploring some seriously forbidden truths that I won't reveal in public, namely... that this poor Aryan devil is a victim of racism.

[What are the themes I would like to explore? Rebellion, alienation, racism, environmental crises: pollution, the effects of human activity on wilderness, classism, injustice, the prison industry, phoniness, the vulgarity of materialism, war, violence, economic violence, the harsh realities of "female preference" ... Toxic sludge, false god of Abrahamic religions: Judaism, Christianity, Islam ...]

Who the hell would even read my book even if I did compile it? Do I have a message to send out to society's outsiders? Do I have some vendetta? No, I want to get back at all those who have silenced me, bullied me, mocked me? Who would even listen to me? Who would acknowledge me as worth reading? Most people think Schopenhauer is an asshole. Most academic philosophers ignore Schopenhauer and praise Hegel. Idiots!]

I have created an "internet persona": Gorticide, Broken Spirit, Mike Kentish, H-211. Hardly anyone pays attention to me at all. I am ignored. This is how radicals are "handled". The authorities don't have to censor us because the population just isn't interested. I am mocked, ridiculed, and tormented. Is this why, come tomorrow morning, I will be drinking beer? The future's uncertain and the end is always near.

10 November 2009 Tuesday

[What am I today? I am a chimpanzee. I am, for the moment, warm, dry, and rested.]
Before I leave Federal Way, Washington to journey back east into the Unknown, I will be throwing into the recycling can many printouts from my website.

If it is true, that the cognitive unconscious is what creates a work of literature, then I wonder if I might start pecking away at it in my diaries.

Would it be an autobiographical novel?

Who is my audience? * Elder Black males?

How would I reach those who won't pay any attention to me face to face?

I had a dream about a song being sung by Marshall Mathers where he seemed to be talking about me and how I am some kind of Nietzsche of the 21st century.

Vonnegut was concerned with

- (i) modern war - the horrors of it
- (ii) how phony most people are

I'm concerned with this as well. What kind of character could I create that would challenge the war industry mafias and the commercialist materialists like my uncle Tom Weber - the "advertiser"?

How have my life experiences, including my trauma, shaped my world view? How do I include all the various peoples without resorting to simplistic stereotypes?

* JAILBIRDS?
EX-CONVICTS?

[By acknowledging that we are a species of ape, by overreaching, we at once admit that all "races" of our ~~one~~ species branched off from a common proto-ape-man. All archeological evidence points out the origin of our species is in Africa — what is called Africa, and that those closest to our origins were "Africoides".]

With printouts of articles I am researching as well as printouts of my own writings all over the floor, tobacco shavings littering the carpet, the stench of old beer cans, and no furniture but for a couple chairs, a coffee table, and a school desk, as well as pile upon pile of ~~old~~ clothes, it is clear to all who enter my apartment that I am some kind of carebear, a deadbeat intellectual on some kind of psychedelic trip.

[I have wholeheartedly embraced forbidden truths and I investigate reality as much in my interactions with the social fabric as I do in books. With the realization that humanity is an ape species, we might begin to mock, and ridicule the myths that profess mankind as some kind of non-animal. Since we are apes, how does the knowledge of this fact help us resist against compliance and domination?]

How are we coerced into compliance and dominated? Through fear as well as social pressure — How do we make philosophy into a militant practice? The genius dressed in rags is still intellectually superior to the goon in a fine Italian suit surrounded by material possessions!]

[This is the face of society exposed by characters such as Vonnegut's Kilgore Trout or Brunner's Chad Mulligan — as well as Austin Train. Knowledge itself is a practice.]

Those who have a strong sense of what they are — apes — unashamed and unapologetic apes — will have the confidence within them to face down the spineless, thoughtless phonies who have been "played" by the system of social domination in the form of advertisements and production of status symbols that the dominating class uses to falsely prop itself up as "superior" — The reality is that such material status symbols (money, gold, expensive clothes, expensive cars) are false.

That the pompous academic philosophers fail to acknowledge the greatness of Arthur Schopenhauer's intellect proves to me that there is a Plot of the Apes type conspiracy to keep such knowledge suppressed. Lo and behold, I am in possession of some real intellectual powers! Does this compensate for my lack of sexual prowess? Is it better to be able to attract the ladies — as a warrior — than to be able to confront the entire world with the power of one's intellect? What attracts me to Arundhati Ray? The power of her intellect.]

[And how do I manage to face down the little sheep who think I give a flying fuck about what their phony asses think of me? Beyond my inner literary "energy field" that I broadcast out into Europe, India, China, and everywhere else connected to the Internet, my daily monkey-sphere bears witness to my presence in the flesh. A drunken white woman with a Black man as her companion stopped to speak to me very late at night. They told me that she "knew" me, that she has been seeing me around and that she "likes" what she sees. I noticed the police approaching us, so I got up and walked away with the crazy crackhead on crack that had taken me along as a kind of sidekick to watch his back while walking. But my photographer ^{reminds} takes these encounters in and I process the "information". If my energy field reached her, then it is reaching others. A group of Black youth gave me the high five in the Taco Bell which was noticed by a white couple who seemed to stand in awe - how I, this clown-like deadbeat, was being embraced by the locals almost unanimously. While these reflections may seem egoic, they are worthy of being consciously acknowledged. What am I today? I am one chimpanzee who marches to a different drum. That I have tried to woo Black females and failed brings me that much closer to the universal experience of countless poverty stricken lonely Black males.]

as good as it gets is spending the evening alone, going from notebooks to other books, reading, writing, contemplating, doing nothing, staring into inner space.

[There are some great moments in Toole's Confederacy of Dunces. On this second reading I will be making note of some. Around p 44 when his mother demands of him get a job.

"I doubt very seriously whether anyone would hire me."

"What you mean, babe? You a fine boy with a good education."

"Employers sense in me a denial of their values."

"You must realize the fear and hatred which my Weltanschauung instills in people."

Ignatius has developed a mental block against working.

There are numerous supervisors and coworkers I can think of who may have contributed to my own mental block against working.

"You have delayed the completion of a monumental indictment against our society."

Maybe this voyage out to the Seattle/Tacoma area has added another dimension to my writing even with all the trauma and heartache. Have I been noticed out here? What do people make of me? Will I regret leaving some of my diaries to my nephew? Does he even care at all?

diatomes

There is an age-old tendency for "authority" to humble us, to demean us, and to make us feel guilty. I have matured over the years. Am I supposed to feel guilty about my literacy or that I do not feed into patriotism? I've never wanted to be in the military - never had any sense of "duty" to defend people who would not hesitate to scorn me.

As I have mentioned time and time again, loads of cash would be dangerous to me, when I have no money, my body heals - my mind-body heals. With much cash, I could get myself killed. When would I heal? When would I have time to read? Is this another one of the great secrets? "Blessed are the poor for they shall know the blissfulness of just resting."

Note: H-112 p 24 (~~12~~ March 1, 2008): I was first diagnosed as bipolar by Dr. Timtiman of CPC Middletown in March 1996.

There have been times in my life where my hospitality has caused me great anguish, where I was abused and put in harms way repeatedly. As in 1995-1997 Talk House, as in 2005-2007 Matawan

Even though the management and neighbours here in Federal Way may see of me as someone with serious emotional problems and "issues", compared to 1996 and 2006, my apartment is a sanctuary. And yet, it remains a challenge to protect its "sanctity".

The more one has within oneself, the less one will want from others.

And, these words from Schopenhauer are worth committing to memory, for I can no longer "blame" my nephew for his aloofness or his inability to "be there for me". It is not his fault at all. It is one of Schopenhauer's insights that I had to learn with my heart:

"What one human being can be to another is not a very great deal: in the end, everyone stands alone, and the important thing is who it is that stands alone."

"There is not much to be got anywhere in the world. Fate is cruel, and mankind is pitiable."

My own verse → Life is a ~~man~~ jilly and unpleasant woman who teaches us not to want her.

Upon rereading Vonnegut's "Player Piano"

From H-112 p 31 (March 2008): "Now I see that part of the reason I am not [functioning as] a manager, engineer, or scientist is because I just don't give a damn. I have landed among the broken and discarded dregs of society. Now, if I can just grasp how I perceive a life I lead, then I can turn my melancholy and loneliness into something beautiful."

From H-113 (March 2008) p.1: Charles Johnson points to Ishmael Reed as a rebellious writer who utilizes absurdist humor and opposes Western culture.

Note: I would like to reread The Savage God by Alvarez

12 November 2009 Thursday

Heretics in Chains

What are we today? We don't know. We are not grounded in the dominant hallucinations of the status quo; so we are free to explore our unknowingness as we resist against complacency and domination. We don't know anyone really knows.
ZH

2.90
2.95
3.65
2.85
1.00

As of today, I am not in "the red" (+5.90).
There was \$2.95 in "savings", so I took \$2.90
After library 1st purchase 2 24oz 211's.

25 November 2009 Wednesday

Intense dream where F is communicating with me...

This morning I awaken with a sense of the absurd. My confidence in my own worldview is becoming stronger. I have given up "hope" in ever finding a region in the United States where I would be content; and hence, I accept a certain ~~and~~ degree of misery as an authentic assessment of my (human) condition.

There may not be a solution. Even as I accept that I, New Jersey, that the Monmouth County area where I plan on returning to, I disjuncts me, now that I have experienced a region 3000 miles away, I will at least have put to rest any naive romantic ideas of anyplace better.

There is nothing to be had in this world. Fate is cruel, and mankind is pitiable. As my understanding of what makes human beings in our modern civilization so miserable, so prone to aggressive behavior, I at least learn not to take things so personal. There is really no point in trying to explain to others what I am experiencing. People are caught up in their own experiences.

(PETER WESSEL ZAPFFE)

Zapffe believed that the only escape from our (human) predicament would be to discontinue the human race.

Though extinction by agreement is not a likely scenario, that is no more than an empirical fact of public opinion; in principle, all it would require is a global consensus to reproduce before replacement rates, and in a few generations for the species to dwindle to nothing.

When a human being takes his/her life in depression, this is a natural death of spiritual causes. The modern barbarity of "saving" the suicidal is based on a pain-raising misapprehension of the nature of existence.

26 November 2009 Thursday "Thanksgiving"

I cooked a chicken with stuffing, rice, and sprig, but did not eat it until later in the evening. I made a few trips to the store for spence in the cold rain but enjoyed wearing the rain poncho.

2H

From H-116 (Vibrations: Book One, May 2008):

"The escape from the self-hated of melancholia lies in its counter concept, mania. Manic states such as joy and exaltation depend on the same psychical energy as melancholia. Humor is an anti-depressant that works by the ego finding itself ridiculous.

"Humor is a relation of self-knowledge. Humor recalls us to the modesty and limitedness of the human condition, a limitedness that calls not for tragic heroic affirmation, but comic acknowledgement."

"What is glimpsed in humor is a non-hostile presence of mind that has undergone a maturation, a maturity that comes from learning to laugh at oneself, from finding oneself ridiculous.

"Humor saves us from tragic hubris, from the Promethean fantasy of believing oneself omnipotent."

"Humor saves the human being from self-hated."

"We are restless, curious, often disgusted creatures. Some would say our condition is wretched boredom and wretched anxiety — that's with and without crack cocaine."